

A
SOVEREIGN REMEDY
FOR THE
Presbyterian's Maladie, 559

Inflicted on them by those *Lordly Bishops, Puritan Pride, and Zealous Self-will.*
In Answer to *Wild.* The second Edition, enlarged.

Dear Friend and Brother in the flesh,
this Page
I send thee lying in the Cripple's
Cage:
Not that I Envie, but Rejoyce
that we
Are Fellow-feelers of one Misery.

Old Bishop Gout, by's Officer Old Ale,
Hath sent thee limping to the Black-pot Goal:
'But (see, that *Saints* each other should abuse
So much it's thing they all so often use?)
As I was Preaching on the secret point
Of Venerie, I did but slip a joint
Too far, when straight old Bishop Pox, cry'd cease,
You do encroach upon my Diocess,
Since which I have so rattled in the Nose,
That all the *disaffected* do suppose
It as a scandal to the brethren, and say
The Presbyterian Tone first came that way:
Some call me Popish Prelat, and protest,
My No-nose is the only mark o'th Beast.

Dear Brother, thus our punishments agree;
There is more difference 'twixt Calamy
And you: some Doctors hold our's be the same,
And that the Pox as well as Gout you claim.
But I am silent; though you roar your Gout;
Saints should be wiser than to bring all out.

Yet why should we rail at the Bishops? Can
You blame the ingenuous Husbandman,
For weeding his Corn, for driving to Pound
The Cattle which do trespass on his ground?
Had we not medled with forbidden things,
Nor broke the just Commandement of Kings,
But stickled for the Churches settlement,
As much as we did for the Covenant,
We made to break it; then our State, our Name
Of *Saint* had been no Ironie in fame,
Baxter should then have been the shining light,
Formen to see to pray by, not to fight.

Could we disgarison the Scottish Devil,
Be Nonconformists only unto Evil;
Repent off false Oaths, and take true as fast
As we invented, tooke and broke the last;
Then Calamy should ne'r be th' fixed Star
In Newgate hell, but in the Hemisphere;
Nor Wild a poor Erratick, finding no place
For's Family, nor yet it seems for Grace.

Thou gouty Goal-bird, could thy red-fac'd Muse
No other stuff into thy Pate infuse,
Than Libelling? Can Nonconformists be
So conformable to iniquitie?
Well hast thou said, These Presbyterian Kn-st-aves
ill ne'r leave back-biting, though in their Graves:

Their Preaching is no better, and their Prayers
Do nought but set's together by the ears:
Pull down, set up, set up, pull down's the cry,
Which flows still from ne'r still Presbytery.
But that the tempting Devil would Preach on,
Although our Saviour bid him to ha' done:
I should have thought that tempting Calamy
Would have been silenc'd by Authoritie.
Were th' Commons once Omnipotent, and now
Can't King, Lords and Commons make a straw bow?
Oh that he had a House, would but invent
To place the King below the Parliament.
Cease tinkling Cymbal, now thy sounding brass
Will not at once for Gold and Silver pass

Let Egypt's plagues be mentioned no more,
One Presbyterian's more mischief than a score;
If Puritans in stead of Frogs had fell,
Pharaoh at first had let go Israel:
Like Satan's It is written, they can bring
A Text of Scripture for the greatest Sin.
But prithee what Wild fancy made thee rime,
That lurching of a Sermon is the Crime
Canonical? Alas, didst never know,
The Gospel-fighting Ministers do so?
Had not the learned Bishops chang'd the Tongue
Oth' Bible, and of other books, the throng
Of New-found Preachers would not read, and then
Would the Spirit thus supply the Brethren?
They hug'd the Directory, Common Pray'r they hate,
Because not forg'd in a Presbyterian pate:
So have I seen Bears lick their Whelps, and roar
At purer Beasts; thus Babel's old Whore,
Swadling her Bastard-children, doth deny
An Entertainment to chaste honesty.
Is Preaching down, and silenced because
The Presbyters may'nt bawl against the Laws?
Not rail at Church and State, nor bait the King
With Pulpit-bulls, like Dogs a Bear-baiting.
So Wranglers, Cheats, and Cozeners may say,
'Cause they shut out, fair Gamesters do not play:
So Quacksalvers and Mountebanks proclaim,
No Physick's like to theirs, though of the same.
Once come to hear and they shall understand,
There ne'r was better Preaching in the Land,
Nor Prayers so well compos'd with words & matter,
(Not like unto the Puritanick chatter)
Where Hum, ha, and Oh bear all the sway,
And true Devotion is a Cast-away.

But cease my Muse, the Presbyterian See
Will fall with weight of its own Villany.

F I N I S.